Erotic Design

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Erotic Design

by Jenetica

Summary

"He knew who the murderer was, this time. And he knew the motive. This was about something else."

Lots of sex. Lots and lots of it. And some violence. Mostly sex.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

The soft *ding* interrupted Will in the middle of a sentence. He glanced at his phone, not opening the text, before turning back to his student. He answered the rest of the student's questions and walks him to the door, closing it with a decisive *click*.

Office hours were always awful for Will Graham. Often, students just came to pry into his "interesting psychological state." Other times, they asked him about his work with Jack Crawford. Rarely were the questions related to class material, and even more rarely were they *good*.

His people skills were rusty. Well, one couldn't even properly call them that: "rusty" suggested the oxidation of a once viable substance. Will's social graces had never been viable. Even long sessions with Dr. Lecter and countless hours with Crawford's team did little to improve his defective skills set.

It made office hours very difficult. Students often sought a conversational sort of discourse, which Will could not easily provide. Many days he went home exhausted and frustrated, hallucinations of Garrett Jacob Hobbs combining with his everyday stresses.

He picked up his phone and opened the text, hoping it wasn't another case from Jack.

It wasn't.

A picture glowed up at him, a picture both similar to the one he had been dreading and completely different from it at the same time.

He knew who the murderer was, this time. And he knew the motive. This was about something else.

Text accompanied the message. *Columbus Park Maintenance Shed. You know where to find me.*

Will grabbed his coat and ran to his car, desperately tamping down on the arousal that was already starting to coil in his belly. There would be time for that later.

He raced to the park, cursing every red light. He parked and made his way to the maintenance shed. It was just starting to smell, which, luckily, didn't even bother Will anymore. He opened the door and gasped.

The man's body was bent over a table, ass thrust toward the sky. If he had been alive, Will might have described him as wanton, but he knew better. This was no crime of passion, this was a call *to* passion. For Will. A macabre serenade to unravel.

Will closed his eyes, peeling back the layers of the scene. He watched as come flew away from the man's spine, which was arched like a cat's. The man's gaping hole tightened back into puckered perfection. His sightless eyes cleared and sharpened. His raw mouth healed and closed. The man stood up and got dressed, then walked backwards toward the door.

Reverse.

“I push the man inside and order him to take off his clothes,” Will intoned, walking his way through the scene as if he were the one committing the crime. “He is willing. He removes his shirt, pants, and shoes. He lingers on his underwear, coy, but I have no time for that. I push his underwear down myself and tell him to bend over that table. I keep my voice seductive. He cannot know my plan—that will ruin everything.

“I tie his wrists with twine. He thinks it is kinky; I know it to be precautionary. I blindfold him as well. He voices a protest, but I promise him that I will make it worth his while.

“I open the man with fingers coated in lubricant. He enjoys my actions. I keep going until I can fit nearly my whole hand—“ Will stutters the words out, his arousal spiking. He adjusts himself in his trousers and continues.

“My whole hand in his hole. The man doesn’t struggle; I am very (very) skilled at what I do, and he will not have notice how far he is stretched. I withdraw a large buttplug from my pocket, one that has a compartment to store come. I insert it into him.

“My preparation is complete. Now it is time to dance.

“I walk to his front. He loudly begins to complain, so I shut him up my shoving my cock down his throat. He screams, the vibrations traveling up into my body. It feels delicious. He attempts to use teeth to dissuade me. He has no idea how much it actually turns me on, makes me thrust harder. He chokes over me, his gag reflex overpowering his need to struggle. The choking excites me further, and I grip his hair to keep him open under me.

“I rip out chunks of his hair in my passion. His blindfold slips off, and I can see his eyes tearing up in pain and hopelessness. The man is beyond the point of struggling, now, and he takes this added pain with little to no resistance. I finish, thrusting deep so my come coats his throat. He cannot swallow, he is too injured, so the come leaks back out, through his mouth, and onto the floor.

“It is easy to kill him now. I inject him with poison to avoid destroying the display I have created. He will neither feel nor notice the poison acting, and it will kill him in the blink of an eye.

“My scene complete, I walk around to his back and withdraw the butt plug. I utilize the compartment, which fills him with another load of my come. As I pull out the plug, my come drips out of his used hole, sliding down his thighs like white tears of despair. I pick up my blindfold and leave the shed."

Will opened his eyes. “This is my design,” he breathed, his erection impossibly hard in his jeans. He rested the butt of his hand against it, enjoying the slight spasm of pleasure though he was desperate for more. He could wait.

He walked back to his car and drove away, fighting the cloud of lust in his brain. Flashes of the scene kept appearing on the road as he drove past: the man's body bowed in supplication, his mouth open and raw, his hole wrecked and bloodied. It aroused Will even as it repulsed him, the balance of cruelty and sexuality perfectly coordinated to set his mind on fire.

He arrived at the office in record time, racing up the steps and hurrying across the waiting room. The time for decorum was long over.

He opened the door without knocking. Hannibal looked up from his paperwork, his face the perfect mask of innocence. "Hello, Will."

"Don't 'Hello Will' me. Do you have any appointments?"

"Not until three, no."

"Good." Will grinned ferally, stripping off his clothes. "Where'd you find the guy?"

Hannibal dropped the façade, his grin matching Will's. "A gas station. He was on the phone, loudly and rudely breaking up with his partner for reasons unbefitting a man deserving life. Seducing him was quite easy.

"I hate that you touch them," admitted Will, "even though I love the surprises." He strode over, naked, to Hannibal, who had yet to rise from his desk. He turned his chair as Will approached, which allowed the younger man to straddle his lap and latch onto his neck.

“Which part do you dislike more, Will,” Hannibal asked, still sounding professional and poised, “the part where I touch them, or the part where I kill them?”

Will pulled back, his stormy blue eyes searching Hannibal’s maroon ones. “You know the answer,” he growled.

Hannibal chucked darkly. “Of course I do.”

“Don’t psychoanalyze me,” Will snapped half-heartedly, returning to the spot on Hannibal’s neck. He filled his mind with the scent of the killer, his lover, as he tried to push back his rampant self-hatred.

For it was Hannibal fucking his victims, not killing them, that upset Will more.

Will leaned back, proud of his work. A dark purple hickey was forming just above Hannibal’s collar. Hannibal would cover it up, of course—he always had makeup on hand just in case a victim got a little too feisty—but for now, Will’s mark was etched into his skin.

Will tore at Hannibal’s tie, impatient but not destructively so. Hannibal would punish him if he ruined one of Hannibal’s expensive outfits. Will hadn’t been quite courageous enough to try Hannibal’s version of punishment, and he doubted that would change any time soon.

Finally, after several agonizing seconds of quickly but carefully undoing shirt buttons, Will pushed back Hannibal’s shirt and exposed his chest. He sucked a flat, tan nipple into his mouth, drawing a gasp from the older man. He switched nipples and slid his hands firmly down Hannibal’s torso, coming to a rest on the silver buckle of his belt. Will looked up, seeking permission, and, receiving it, undid the belt and the fastenings underneath. He dove his hands into Hannibal’s pants, stroking the flesh he found until it was as hard as his own.

“I want you to fuck me,” he gasped into Hannibal’s mouth. The cock in his hands twitched.

“As you wish, mein kleiner Liebling,” Hannibal murmured. He stood, picking Will up effortlessly, and spun him around so his front was pressed into the desk. He forced Will’s torso down until his chest was pressed into the surface. “How would you like it, my sweet? Shall I torment you, like I did that young writer a few weeks ago? Or do you want it rough, like today’s surprise?”

Will moaned loudly, too aroused by Hannibal’s words to reply.

“Or maybe,” Hannibal whispered in Will’s ear, “both.”

Groaning, Will pushed back into the older man, feeling the hard line of his cock press against his ass.

“I think both would work well, don’t you?” Hannibal purred, moving his hips just enough to tease Will’s hole. Will nodded furiously.

Will felt Hannibal shift to the side, and a moment later he heard the *snick* of lube being opened. He felt cool fingers probe at him, petting lightly before thrusting in. Will keened, pushing back into the fingers. Hannibal knew exactly how to work him to make it feel good. His fingers pushed, stretching the tube of muscle, then curved and hit Will’s prostate. A spike of pleasure flew out to the tips of Will’s fingers and toes, then zipped back to his groin. Hannibal's questing fingers continued, spreading out slowly, then returning to tap at the bundle of nerves.

The pleasure built and built in Will’s body, but Hannibal’s light touches weren’t enough to bring him relief. Soon the need to release abated, Will instead floating on ebbs of pleasure, disconnected from his body.

Time passed as it does in a dream: slowly, and yet all at once. Will had no idea how long Hannibal kept him in this euphoric state, but his toes and fingers had begun to chill due to the circulation in his body focusing on the exchange of stimuli and endorphins.

Hannibal withdrew his fingers, bringing Will back down to Earth. He whimpered at the ache he now felt in his dick. He heard Hannibal open the lube again and before he knew it, the blunt head of Hannibal’s cock was pushing at his entrance. Will bore down, doing his best to draw Hannibal inside him. He was gratified a second later, when Hannibal drove in with one smooth thrust.

Hannibal was perfect inside him. Will would say his ass was made to take Hannibal’s cock, but he didn’t believe in such romantic descriptions, least of all when it came to a slightly sane criminal profiler and his psychopathic cannibal psychiatrist/fuckbuddy.

Hannibal set an easy pace, dragging his cock just so against Will’s prostate. Will gasped, rocking his hips back to meet him. The movement rubbed his cock into the wood of the desk, adding a burn of not-quite-enough friction to the heady blend of sensation coursing through his system. Hannibal pressed a hand under Will, arching the younger man up and away from the desk. It drew his cock away from its sole source of relief, but it allowed Hannibal to enter him more fully.

Suddenly, Hannibal started ramming into Will, keeping him steady with one hand clamped on his hip and the other still pressed up to his stomach.

Will's eyes rolled back into his head. The pressure on his abdomen allowed him to feel Hannibal all the way through to his skin. He imagined that the older man could actually feel his cock through the thin walls of muscle and tissue and closed his eyes as the image added a swirl of "Oh sweet Jesus" into his cocktail of lust.

Hannibal moved the hand on Will's him up his side to his shoulder. He used the new grip to pull Will back onto his cock harder, his balls slapping against Will's thighs with every stroke. Will couldn't take much more of this.

"I—I, I'm gonna," he gasped out. He was too far gone for coherence.

Luckily, Hannibal understood him perfectly. "Come for me, William."

At his commanding tone, Will lost all control. Black spots swam in his eyes, and then he was coming harder than he ever had in his life. He felt like he was falling, soaring into a Wonderland full of glorious serotonin and endorphins. He kept falling and falling into the feeling until he blacked out, too blissed out to remain conscious.

When he came to, Hannibal was still ferociously slamming into him. Will was sore and oversensitized, and he tried to pull away, but Hannibal's hand on his shoulder prevented his escape.

He whimpered pitifully. Dregs of exhausted arousal were twisting away in his belly, reluctantly offering themselves up to Hannibal's insatiable nature. Slowly, painfully, Will began to get hard again, the continued pressure on his stomach and prostate giving him little alternative. Soon, he was moving back on shaky legs to meet Hannibal thrust for thrust.

"You're such a good little whore for me," Hannibal sighed filthily. "Here you are, too fucked out to comprehend your existence, but you are still give of yourself willingly to me, swallowing my cock whole. Such a greedy slut."

Will rested his head on the desk, hot tears of oversensitivity and blind lust dripping out of his eyes. It was true: Will would rather lose his sanity entirely than deny Hannibal anything.

The pressure began to mount once more, giving Will the energy to moan and grind back onto Hannibal's pelvis. The older man's pubic hair felt scratchy against Will's backside. He loved it.

His second orgasm snuck up on him. One moment he was delighting in the warmth and sturdiness of Hannibal's hands; the next, stars were punching their way into his core, filling his very essence with the light of a supernova. Will groaned, too fatigued to do more than clench weakly around the cock still assaulting his insides.

He didn't black out this time, for which he was grateful: Hannibal came not a second later, a rich groan tumbling from his lips as he pumped his seed into Will's body.

Will wished he could see Hannibal's face. He rarely got to watch the older man come, but he loved it when he could. This look of exquisite torture would come over his face, the expression of a man who has sinned deeply and begs benediction. It was the truest, clearest emotion Will had ever seen on him, and it's the only thing that reminded him that Hannibal, for all his inhumanities, was still human.

Unfortunately, most of their couplings occurred just as this one had: Will would come in desperate for a good fuck, and Hannibal would bend him over the nearest surface and give him exactly what he needed.

Hannibal pulled out with a soft moan and shifted briefly to grab something from his desk. Will felt a warm washcloth brush against his hole, cleaning the come out of his gaping opening.

Will straightened his back for the first time in what felt like an hour, wincing as his joints popped. He turned to Hannibal, hoping to catch a glimpse of emotion before the mask went back into place.

No such luck. Hannibal gazed at him coolly, his shirt still undone though his pants were back to their unwrinkled perfection, looking as if he had just finished giving Will some psychiatric recommendations and not the ride of his life.

"I, um…" Will floundered, never sure how to handle post-coital conversation, "I'll see you Wednesday?"

Hannibal smirked, his mask breaking slightly in his amusement. "I'm sure you will. Say hello to Jack and his team for me, as I doubt I shall see them in a little while. I hear the Chesapeake Ripper has changed his pattern again, and I may not be required to attend any crime scenes in the near future."

Will, who had been sliding on his jeans, looked over at Hannibal sardonically. "You really are a twisted man," he commented, looping his arms through his t-shirt and pulling it over his head.

"Ah, but you love it, no?" Hannibal questioned devilishly.

Will took a moment to lace up his shoes before responding. "Yeah, yeah I do."

He began to leave the office when Hannibal's voice halted him. "Oh, and next time you barge into my office demanding sex? Lock the door."

End Notes

Whew! So I was lingering on the Hannibal tag on Tumblr and I saw a fanart that had WIll creepily close behind Hannibal whispering "This is my design," and this pornorific monstrosity was born.

I used German as Hannibal's first language because a) Danish is Mads' native tongue, but not Hannibal's, b) Lithuanian is incredibly complex and I feared that it might take away from the truth of the moment, and c) Hannibal spent much of his adolescence in Germany (I believe), so he would have picked up phrases like "mein kleiner Liebling" (my little love) in German.

It's totally unbeta'd (I did read over it, a day after I posted it, and cringed my way through all my little errors), so please message/comment if you see any mistakes and I will fix them, and add your name to this note as a thank you.

Thanks for reading!

EDIT: My lovely impromptu beta-readers: guest commenter kilo from FF.net who fixed my German, guest commenter irrelephantppl from FF.net, and Fabwords (I don't know how to link to your profile, I'm sorry :( ) from here on AO3. Thank you so much!! May the light glimmering in Will's eyes shine effervescent love into your lives. Poetry.

I am so amazed and honored by the response this has gotten. In less than 24 hours I've gotten over thirty kudos, eight hundred hits, and two comments, both of which were absolutely amazing. You people. You made my day, and you validated me as a writer. For years, I've put off writing fanfiction because I always feared that I would suck. You guys just kicked my confidence up a million points, and for that I love you. :')

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!